Hotſ. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a Bridgroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twix his finger and his thum he helde,
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tookt it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkte,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhand-ſome coarſe,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,
With many holyday and lady tearmes.
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded,
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me, the ſoueraigneſt thing on earth;
Was Parmacity for an inward bruſe,
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
This villanous Saltpeter ſhould be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles Earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyd
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile Guns,
He would haue been himſelfe a Souldiour.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectely (as I ſayd)

And